

Ontario students protest cutbacks

by Peter Orr

University and college students are staging a "mass lobby session" today to pressure the Ontario legislature for effectively planned education spending and an end to cutbacks in post-secondary education.

An opposition MP will present Tory education minister Betty Stevenson with some 20,000 "postcards" charging the provincial government with responsibility for the deteriorating quality of education, decreasing accessibility to colleges and universities and lack of coherent education planning.

The postcards, collected in a province-wide campaign launched by the Ontario Federation of Students in September, also "prescribe" coherent economic planning in Stevenson's education ministry.

The OFS has mobilized 150 students from 20 Ontario universities and colleges to lobby at Queen's Park today against the shrinking of the education budget in Ontario.

"Cutbacks in education spending have been most drastic in Ontario. Four years ago the province had the highest spending per student in the country. Now it is eighth. Emphasis on post-secondary spending has completely declined," University of Toronto Graduates' Assistants Association President Jean Kreplach told the Daily Wednesday.

Ontario Federation of Students vice president Karen

Dubinsky says the education budget has increased only five per cent per annum in recent years while education costs have risen at a rate of 10 to 15 per cent.

Dubinsky says the cutbacks affect small schools the most. Laurentian University in Sudbury only narrowly avoided closing down its geology, modern languages and philosophy departments this year by deficit budgeting, said Dubinsky.

"At larger universities libraries are suffering and class sizes are increasing. The University of Toronto is not hiring any new professors or employing enough teaching assistants."

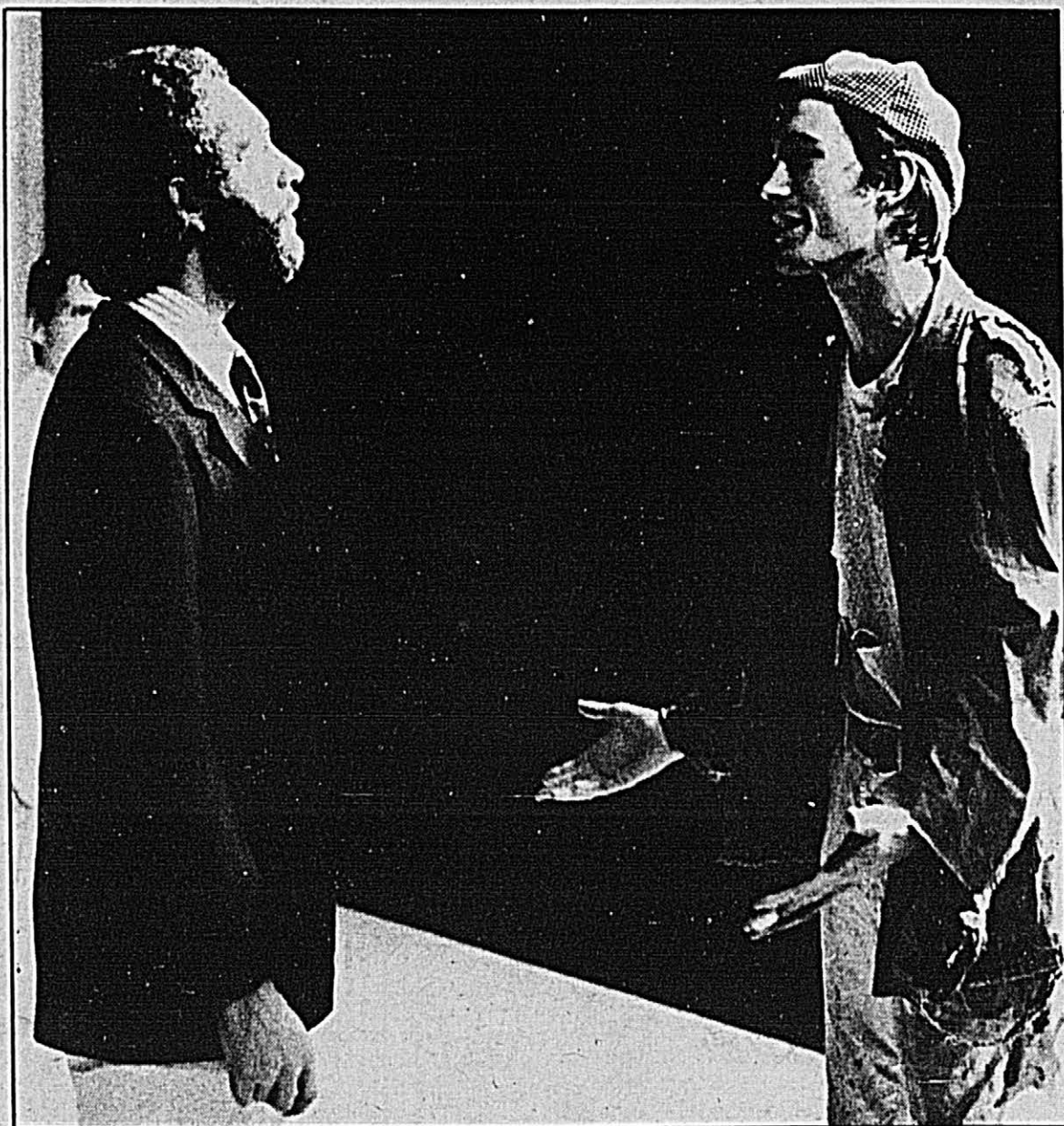
Psychology classes at U of T have up to 1,000 students and conferences in many departments have 60 students, Dubinsky says.

The OFS says higher student/teacher ratios are part of the general decline in quality of education in Ontario.

Prices of textbooks in Ontario universities are "skyrocketing" and other difficulties pointed out were the fact that meals in university controlled cafeterias are rapidly getting more expensive.

Higher textbook prices and increasing cost in university cafeterias are new user charges which the OFS says limit accessibility to education.

A "pretty massive" tuition increase is pending in Ontario, says Dubinsky. The amount of the increase will be announced by the Ministry in January.



Guy Lydster as Baptista Minola and Christopher Holder as Petruchio star in this week's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Players' Theatre. See Dee Horne's Weekly review, page 4.

Author says USSR breaking up

by Richard Boudreau

The Soviet Union will eventually break up into its various republics, says author John Kolasky in a speech sponsored by the Ukrainian

Students' Association Wednesday in the Union.

Kolasky, a former member of the Communist Party of Canada, lived in the Soviet Union for two years before being expelled for dissident activity in 1965. He warned that "non-Russians are unwilling members in the Soviet federation."

Kolasky, the son of Ukrainian parents, was born in Cobalt, Ontario. He became a Communist during the Great Depression and says he was a "victim of Soviet propaganda" until his experience in the USSR.

A stretch in the Higher Party School of the Communist Party of the Ukraine made Kolasky "realize that the Soviet Union was a big lie."

What most struck him was "the prevalence of the Russian language, the constant fear the people lived under and the inefficiency of the economic system."

Kolasky says there has been no significant resistance to the

government due to the presence of "an overwhelming spy network, secret police and the army." He says there is at least one informer in every group of five people.

In his speech, Kolasky concentrated on what he called "the oppression of the national minorities held together by the most tyrannical methods."

"Terror holds the minorities in line."

Kolasky sees the various nationalities becoming increasingly frustrated and

continued on page 14

Petition deadline postponed

MONTREAL (CUP)—Communication and circulation problems have caused the Council of Quebec Minorities (CQM) to extend once again the deadline of its petition against a section of Bill 101.

The petition opposes section 39 of Bill 101, which states that Quebec-trained professionals will have to pass French proficiency tests before they can work in Quebec. It abolishes temporary permits for those who have not passed the test.

The petition will be circulated until tomorrow. The original deadline was late October. This was extended by one week when response was slower than

expected.

The CQM is hopeful that the petition will have impact, despite Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin's announcement that he will not extend the temporary permits deadline of January 1, 1981 or ease up on language tests.

"The CQM has every hope and every ambition for this petition," said Anita Simon, CQM researcher.

Graham Weeks, program director of CQM, said he is not concerned about easing the language tests.

"We just want the provision that's not in effect, and that has been since Bill 22," he said.

There have been communication problems between the organizers of the petition and students, said Weeks.

"We underestimated the complexity of the issue," said Weeks. He was surprised that many students were afraid to sign their names or put their addresses on the petition.

The CQM is planning a November 20th meeting with representatives from Quebec universities and colleges to gather all the petitions.

Weeks expects to meet with Laurin in about three weeks when students will present the petition and will get the chance to express their opinions.

Daily arrested

As of today the Daily ceases its regular daily publication schedule. There will be no paper again until Wednesday, November 21st and then three more issues will appear November 23, 28 and December 5th.

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Inside: Sue Vlaki on Food
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Another Look at Television

by Gino Apponi

The members of *The Weekly* take a rather adamant stand on the subject of television. You can't imagine how little they care. This, of course, apart from the fact that none of them can afford a set. Some of the closet viewers among them though do admit to enjoying the odd episode of *Eight Is Enough* and still others praise the hypnotic virtues of test patterns.

Luckily, one of the comforts of my suburban middle-class upbringing has been the over-abundance of television sets. In my early years, I was weaned on *Romper Room* (despite the complex Miss Betty gave me by neglecting to greet me through her looking glass) and nurtured on the *Dynamic Duo*. I had no full-figured acne-ridden sitter as some; I had Fred and Barney. Imagine, my surprise, then, when one year I saw what I had inexorably begged for under our silver aluminum Christmas tree. There it was beside my lifetime subscription to *TV Guide*: a fully assembled and impeccably wrapped deluxe model TV22 antenna kit.

Unfortunately, television has not made any artistic progress since I first watched it. Today, ABC as the name implies, runs a kiddie preschool. One of their most successful primers is *Happy Days*.

See Fonzie pucker, See Fonzie kiss. Laverne, Shirley, Barbarino, Chrissy, Jack and J.J. (ABC is not alone in this) all add to the questionable aesthetic and social redeeming value of today's television. Even some of those oldies which seemed

so nostalgically golden to me (*Hogan's Heroes*, *Gomer Pyle*, *The Brady Bunch*) are actually annoying in retrospect. In fact, I wouldn't wish the sensory deprivation of the *Brady Bunch* on anyone.

As a naive and impressionable youth, I sat through rerun after rerun of the *Lucy* series: *I Love Lucy*, *The Lucy Show*, *Here's Lucy*, *Here's Lucy Again*, *Beyond The Lucy Show*, and *Son of Lucy Parts I and II*. Not until she ate pickles and ice-cream to satisfy a pregnancy craving and made me puke did I decide that a university student of reasonable intelligence didn't have to take this kind of trash.

One concession: Lucille Ball maintained a certain modicum of reality in her shows. Other comedies offered somewhat peculiar premises: *The Flying Nun* depended on a turbo charged habit; *Bewitched*, twitching noses and two husbands; *My Favourite Martian* two antennae; *The Addams Family* and *The Munsters* offered lots of pancake makeup; *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*'s only peculiarity was Charles Nelson Reilly and *My Mother the Car*, well...need I say more?

Then again, reality was never an interesting concept. We would all much rather watch *The Beverly Hillsbillies* tackle Ellie-Mae's cookies or swim in the "cement pond" than watch *Lassie*'s heroics.

Still others insist that the American family is best portrayed by the single parent TV families. As a result, poor little Eddie had to settle for an Oriental housekeeper and Fred MacMurray's three sons for

surly Charley. Even *The Partridge Family* had to chirp without daddy Partridge. Luckily, the Bradys were a unified whole. How could Florence Henderson possibly cope with both widowhood and her weekly P.T.A. meetings (not to mention her bi-monthly bake sales)?

Although the comedy of adventure shows is not as explicit, the potential is there. To be a television detective, you must have a gimmick. We've had blind detectives, invisible detectives, detectives in wheelchairs, old lady spinster detectives, teenage detectives, bald lollipop-sucking detectives, detectives in rumpled sports coats, ex-con detectives, and Holmes and Yoko in a class all their own.

For four years, stoic Lee Majors fought federal espionage and kicked his way through styrofoam walls to escape the plague of the leisure suits which cursed him as the *Six Million Dollar Man*.

Even before him, "grasshopper" David Carradine starred weekly in *Kung Fu*, a full hour ad for "wice paper". "This wice paper is the test. Fwaggle as the wings of the dwagon fly, clinging as the cocoon of the silkrowm. When you can walk is length and leave no twace, you will have leawned."

Such adventure and crime-drama characters evolved from the wild west. They were aptly termed "urban cowboys" since they represented a more domestic kind of hero. *Bonanza*, *Have Gun Will Travel*, and *Gunsmoke*, then, led to

The Untouchables, *Police Story*, *Mission Impossible* and the forgettables, *The Manhunter*, *The F.B.I.*, *Run For Your Life*, and Burt Reynolds' *Dan August*. (Most are Quinn Martin formula shows.)

The most sloppily put together of television productions, ironically commands the largest audiences. Soap operas are the epitome of popular culture. On our last episode of *Another World*, Angie lost her baby after the open heart surgery for injuries sustained during a severe car crash while on her way to see Scott to show him Willis' blood-stained shirt which he wore the night he allegedly murdered Kirk because he blackmailed him into conspiring to take over Mac's publishing company which failed anyway thanks to Rachel even though she had divorced Mac but she knows about Janis so everything will be alright.

The problems of the rich are insurmountable and never-ending. (The network was obliged to drop poor characters when viewers began sending in CARE packages.) The characters are rich enough, in fact, that laws of reality don't affect them. Time has been known to freeze on soap operas; it can also go fast-forward. children age years in the space of months and they then graduate from medical school within weeks. Pregnancies and illnesses, however, last forever.

Characters inexplicably undergo plastic surgery overnight and their close friends and families don't even notice. What's more, they have no

appetites: they lunch on gossip and dine on scandal. They never go to sleep (mind you they go to bed often enough) but are always shown waking up. Obviously, it's all that coffee they pretend to drink. Those ubiquitous cups and saucers edge their ways into every scene. The characters are always paying each other visits at which the coffee is religiously offered, unanimously accepted, but indiscreetly left unsipped on the coffee table. It seems that the busy lives of the characters, both men and women alike, never allow them to stay in one place for more than the three minutes it takes to relay the latest gossip and to re-cap the plot.

Murder and adultery are matters of fact; amnesia and blackouts are ways of life, and nervous breakdowns are chic. That's a long way from the domestic tribulations of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* waxy yellow build-up, masturbation and the Fernwood flasher.

Actually, television does do some things well.

For instance, live sports. With Howard Cosell? Ok, then, what about TV movies?

How much of *The Girl Who Came Gift-Wrapped* can we take?

Specials! TV has great specials! In fact, I find it impossible to believe that modern society can invent anything more spectacular than *Barbra Streisand...And Other Musical Instruments*. I'm sure the thousands who saw *My Name Is Barbra* would disagree.

Players' Tames the Bard

by Dee Home

Marko Sakren, director and actor, was at his height not only in interpreting, but also in casting the role of Kate in The Players' production of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. Unlike many misled directors, Sakren did not make the mistake of making Kate's role a character reversal from shrew to sickeningly servile wife. Instead, Sakren shows that it is a game, which Kate is quick to pick up, where Petruchio, Kate's husband, uses Kate's own tactics to tame her. If Sakren must be congratulated for correctly interpreting Shakespeare, then Andrea Porter must also be commended for her acting.

In the debate over whether the moon is the sun or the sun the moon, Porter reveals Kate's recognition, and consequent respect for Petruchio, of her husband's trickery by dramatically kneeling before her husband saying: "And the moon changes even as your mind. What you will have it named, even that it is, And so it shall be still for Katherine." Porter drives home the point by mischievously flashing her eyes at her husband as if to say, "two can play this game".

Andrea Porter's best attribute, then, is her ability to say one thing with dramatic gestures and another with her eyes. This is clear in the scene between Petruchio, Baptista Minola (Kate's father), and Kate.

In this scene, Sakren uses basic technique of stage position reflecting theatrical action. By having Kate's back to Petruchio yet her face parallel to her father, Sakren shifts the character conflict from lovers to father and daughter. Andrea Porter's facial expression is well-executed and there is no mistaking her "how could you do this to me?" look.

Sakren proves that the basics, or simplicity, are often the most effective means of dealing with Shakespeare. He makes no attempt to hide his interpretation but gives it away in the program: "And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds so honour peereth in the meanest habit." But interpretation is only three-fourths of the way, the rest is up to the actors.

If Andrea Porter made the part because she knew the value of simplicity, Meredith Lewis (Bianca, Kate's sister) often failed by bordering on

melodramatic. She redeems herself, however, in the comic love-scene where she decisively hits her fan open and devilishly disappears behind its screen. Bianca makes up for her blatant over-acting through her naturalness here, and Hortensio (Andrew Semple) does the same by using a contempo disguise of Wagnerian-wig and disco-die sunglasses. This is perhaps one of the few places where DSakren deviates from the Shakespearean rule of character over costume and setting. While the disguise does detract from the play, it adds something to Hortensio's role and succeeds in evoking a few chuckles from the audience. But akren cannot be too harshly criticized for this satirical commentary on contemporary musicians. I rather think he felt he could get away with it because Hortensio's part, like the other actors, often pales only in comparison to Andrea Porter's excellent portrayal of the shrew. Nevertheless, the play is recommendable. When all of the actors are clearly having fun, the audience cannot help being swept along.



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Smooth Beginning

by Kimberley Stephenson

You're going to spend an evening at **In the Beginning**, the English department's fall production, and you've been told it explores modes of communication. Having been to such occasions before you would probably expect some mime, a few primal screams, some light comedy, and a poem or two.

What you wouldn't expect is Jean Drapeau talking with God, the adventures of a rabbit named Foo-Foo, and Eve (as in DAdam and...) playing guitar.

The production is composed of six pieces, each one directed by a different staff member. The first is a piece of mime directed by Anthony Paré. The actors on the piece work with space, from which the set magically appears.

"The Stage Is Set" is followed by one of the highlights of the evening, "Dialogue" directed by Iro Tembeck. It is a dialogue between dancer Tembeck and a musician, one using movement, the other sound, to "converse" with each other. Both music and dance are wild and potent and directly complement each other.

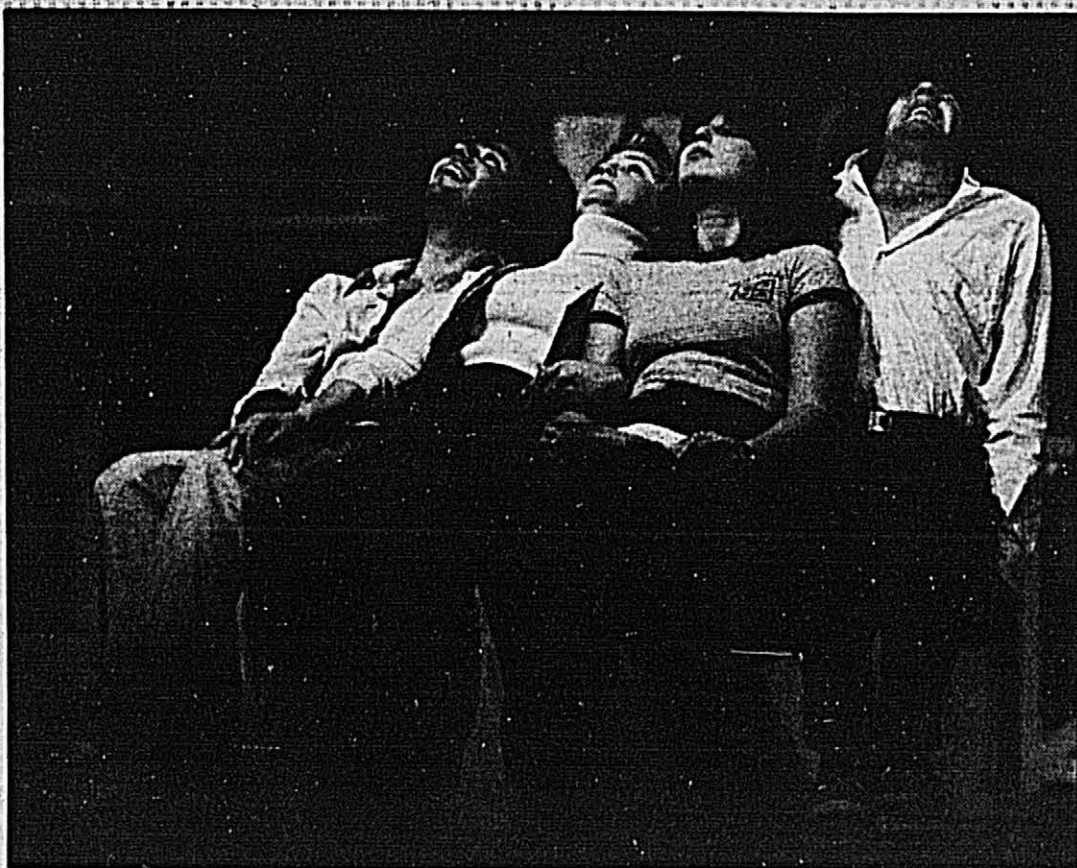
The third act is "In the Beginning" a piece which ties contemporary society and politics in with the story of Genesis. "In the Beginning" deals primarily with sound, which is only appropriate as the performers come from director Mary Davison's Oral Literature course.

The fourth selection is the highlight of the evening, "Adam, Adam, Shave Your Face" directed by Michael

Bristol. The script, an adaption from the short story by Eric Thomson, is witty and nicely paced as Tubalcain, played by Michael Wen, a reporter for People magazine, interviews his ancestor Adam and Eve, played by Allan Lallouz and Janet Cadman. The group runs into trouble with both the Golden Vigilantes, a group who wants to kill Adam either by castrating him or sending him to Concordia, and God, played by Janet Spiegel, who enjoys a good cigar and a spin in Adam's flying machine. Allan Lallouz as the prophet with fleas in his beard is excellent, as are the rest of the cast in this thoroughly professional and polished section.

"The flesh Made Word" is a presentation of Shakespearean sonnets. The delivery by the five actors is precise and eloquent, and the accompaniment of a singer and guitar player is a welcome touch. There is a definite change of pace from the previous selection, and the pace changes again for the last act. The mood switches from dreamy and poetic to happy and playful, as many of the rhymes and tales from childhood are presented in "Hopscotch with Words" directed by Eva Russel.

The entire production is a bit long, but nevertheless full of interesting material. The show starts tonight at 8:00 pm and runs until Saturday. Tickets cost \$2.00 and can be bought at the door or the Student Union box office. For reservations and information, phone 392-5000.



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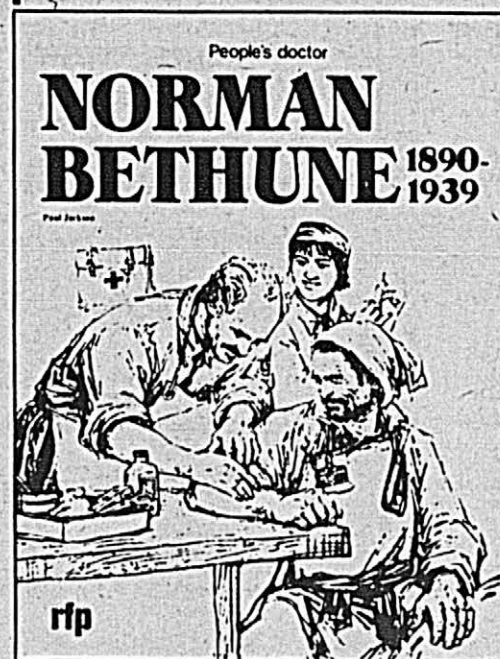
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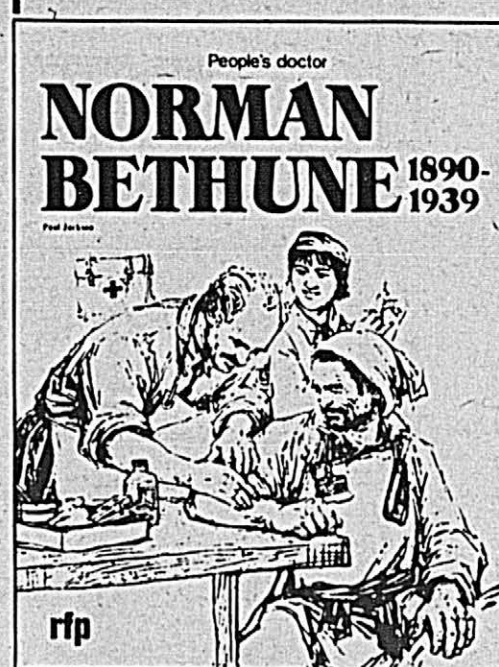
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Parson's Eve

by Louise Fabiani

Prima facie, *Eve*, Allan Parsons' Projects' long awaited album is merely an uncurtailed attack on womankind via the story of Adam and Eve. Apparently, the original battleground of the sexes was the Garden of Eden; this now becomes an allegory for the subsequent roles of males and females with perhaps an unfair overemphasis of the wiles of the weaker sex.

Despite the often blatant lyrics, not to mention the visual metaphor that comprises the cover illustration (three well-attired seemingly beautiful ladies who, upon closer scrutiny, possess grossly corrupt features), this record's theme is more than an expression of misogyny. It is as much about Adam's weaknesses as about Eve's talents for manipulation. In the end, neither is the victor and all of mankind must suffer. Innocence is never lost without penalty.

In "I'd Rather Be A Man", Adam's antagonism towards his mate starts to surface. He evidently knows what she's up to, but of course, falls for it anyway. "Well, I'd rather be a man than play my role like you do I'd rather be a man than sin my soul like you do Blame it on the apple tree, but you don't fool me."

"You Won't Be There" is his later acknowledgement of Eve's toying with his need for her. Confusion and regret now replace the initial bitterness. If she loves him why is she leaving?

"Damned If I Do", the only cut given a fair amount of

air-play, outlines Adam's anguished irresolution. Again his love for her is the root of his folly; either way—living with her and doing things her way, or being independent and alone—he cannot win.

Only two songs represent Eve's point of view: "Don't Hold Back" and "Make A Man Of Himself". In the first song, Eve justifies the temptation. It is the original, albeit perverse, version of the woman pushing her man to bigger and better things—no matter what the cost. "Don't hold back...reach out Touch the sky with your mind's eye, don't be afraid to reach out." The second song, is also about the prodding of the passive male, taking his destiny into his own hands—"Don't rely on miracles to open any door And don't you let a shadow be your guide anymore."

Eve succeeds but loses him to another woman (Lilith?) in the process. She sings her remorse in "If I Could Change Your Mind."

The album's main flaws, detected most easily by APP fans, are the occasional weaving in of familiar parts from past works. Both "Lucifer" and "Secret Garden", Eve's orchestral pieces are reminiscent of "Hyper Gamma Spaces" from their previous album *Pyramids*. In addition, the cuts from the first side are "flavored" with the essence of almost every other song he and partner Eric Woolfson ever wrote. But then, even greater writers have styles which tend to influence the outcome of all their endeavors.

Zappa's Garage Sale

Frank Zappa Joe's Garage Act I. (Zappa Records) by H.D. Kader

Scene I. The Central Scrutinizer (as played by Zappa) begins his oration, sounding in content like the Ayatollah; "Our criminal institutions are full of little creeps like you who do wrong things...and many of them were driven to these crimes by a horrible force called MUSIC!"

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Some Highs on «Thighs»

by Paul Mason
Bette Midler-Thighs and
Whispers, Atlantic

The problem with most of Bette Midler's albums in the past was that they were not able to capture the ebullience of her stage performances. *Thighs and Whispers*, Midler's latest album, also falls short of capturing her stage magnitude, despite the fact that it is probably her best produced album to date.

Thighs and Whispers contains a compendium of songs no less diverse than any other Midler album, but it is the production and arrangement of most songs which

differentiates this album from the others.

Bette Midler has always had the unique ability to sing a vast array of songs and not come across as someone trying to change her image or broaden her "musical horizons". An example of this appears in the album.

The first song, which features the only trace of nostalgia, is an updated disco-ish rendition of the Big Band tune "Big Noise from Winnetka". Although the song could have been cut a bit shorter, producer Arif Mardin did a fine job in arranging Midler's large

entourage.

From here Midler settles easily into James Taylor's "Millworker". Her handling of this song is outstanding and comparable to her earlier recording of John Prine's "Hello in There".

"My Knight in Black Leather", a sleazy account of a "hot blonde's pursuit of love", will not go down as one of Midler's more serious works but it is fun and should at least appeal to Midler's earlier followers. ("You know you smell just like a brand new car - 'cause everything you own is leather.")

"Hurricane", co-written by

Midler is perhaps the only disappointing feature of the album. It is not as disastrous as the title suggests, but Midler seems to put no effort into it at all, making what could have been a success into seven minutes and twenty-one seconds of boredom.

Naturally, after a hurricane comes the rain and so it does on this album too. "Rain", previously recorded by Dr. John is surprisingly the best cut on the album. Midler's strong but soothing voice blends perfectly with this slow jazzy arrangement. "Cradle Days" and

"Hang On In There Baby" are also noteworthy on both Midler's and Mardin's parts.

Midler closes the album with a bang. Because she puts all her energy into this last song, "Married Men" is probably the closest she has come on record to equalling her live performances.

Thighs and Whispers is not likely to produce a hit single for Midler, although a lot of attention will be drawn towards those "thighs" and of course those not so bad "whispers" as well.

The Beat of Police

by Ron Wigdor
The Police-Regatta De Blanc (A & M)

With the instant success of their first album *Outlandos d'Amour* The Police established themselves as pioneers in "new music". Following Elvis Costello's lead they issued an LP of rock music heavily spiked with reggae. The hits "Roxanne" and "I Can't Stand Losing You" gave full evidence to this unique form of instrumentation.

The Police's new recording is called *Regatta De Blanc* and follows in the footsteps of *Outlandos d'Amour*. There's nothing wrong with that; the

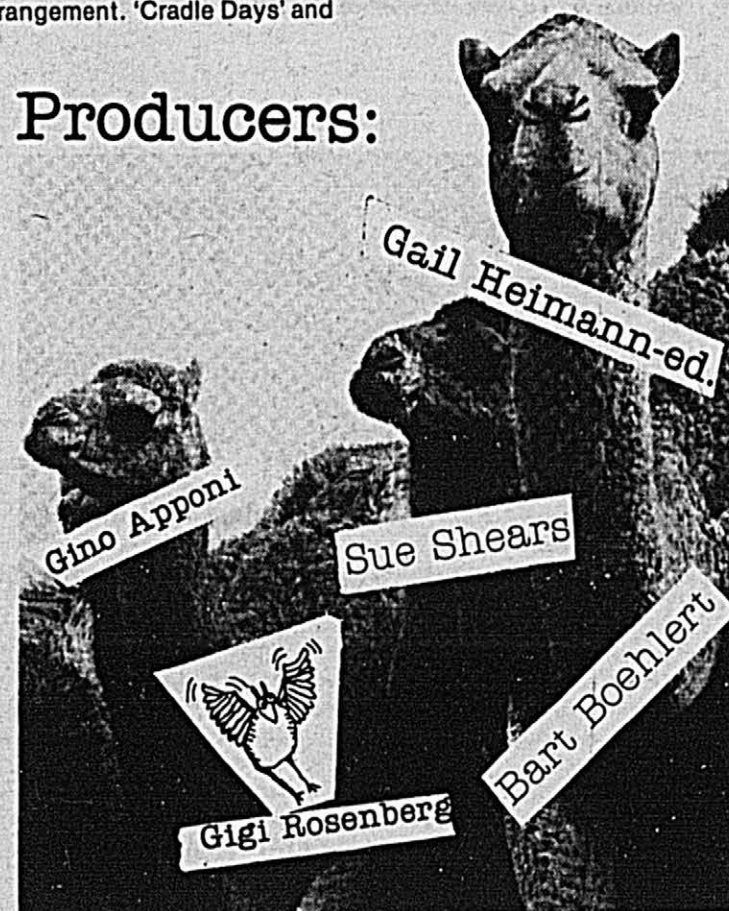
group discovered a profitable innovative formula—history dictates that if you try and are successful once you stand a fair chance of being successful again.

At this early point it appears that "Message in A Bottle" is carrying the weight for *Regatta De Blanc*. Similar to "Roxanne", it is reggae-influenced, and tells the story of a man stranded at sea whose hopes lie in someone finding his SOS message. The Police's lyrics are nothing to boast about—on a similar simplistic level there is a love, or sexual song entitled, "The Bed's Too Big Without You". The name is self-explanatory.

The best cut on the album, however, is the only one with any social value, and consequently the one with the least commercial appeal. Done in the same style as Bowie's "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide" "Deathwish" deals with the fast-paced lifestyle of the rock world and the inability of some to cope with it.

As the title *Regatta De Blanc* indicates The Police consider themselves full-fledged white reggae artists. And they'll be performing their debut Montreal concert Saturday night at Theatre St. Denis.

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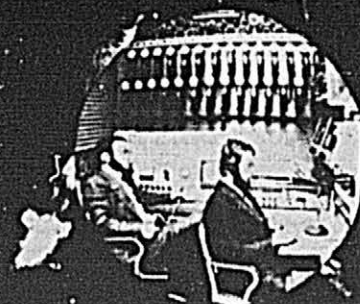
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Renaissance at Woolworth's

by Bart Boehlert

Brenda and Eddie got an apartment and a deep pile carpet and a couple of paintings from Sears

Scenes from an Italian Restaurant
by Billy Joel

Consumer oriented "art" is a phenomenon which most people with half a scruple either ignore or laugh at. However the phenomenon exists because there is a market for it. Brenda and Eddie, in some ways like the Medici family did in the Renaissance, support the state of the "art". One can only imagine the reaction of the Medicis if they were to see how Florentine art has developed.

We stood on the staircase of Woolworth's downtown and looked at the art for sale. Lorenzo Medici peered at an expansive seascape which had a blue ocean, white crashing waves and a mysteriously black sky.

"It's quite beautiful" he said, "except for this green area in the water". I explained that bright colors were often used today for a dramatic effect. He looked puzzled.

"Is that why this painting has a bright pink sky, bright yellow trees and bright orange flowers?" asked Catherine Medici.

"I think it's dramatically ugly", she commented.

We moved on to prints of small children playing in the sand. Catherine pointed and cried, "This child's head is huge! It must be very sick!" I told her that, in today's style, children's heads are often giantly proportioned to look adorably cute. This baffled them all.

"At least this painting has a gold engraved frame much like our wooden altarpieces", said Cosimo the Elder. He touched the frame. The gold flaked off on his finger to reveal a black plastic frame underneath. Plastic was not an easy thing

to explain.

I suggested we move on. As we left Woolworth's, Lorenzo's sword swung into elderly shoppers and Cosimo's fur cape got caught in the revolving door.

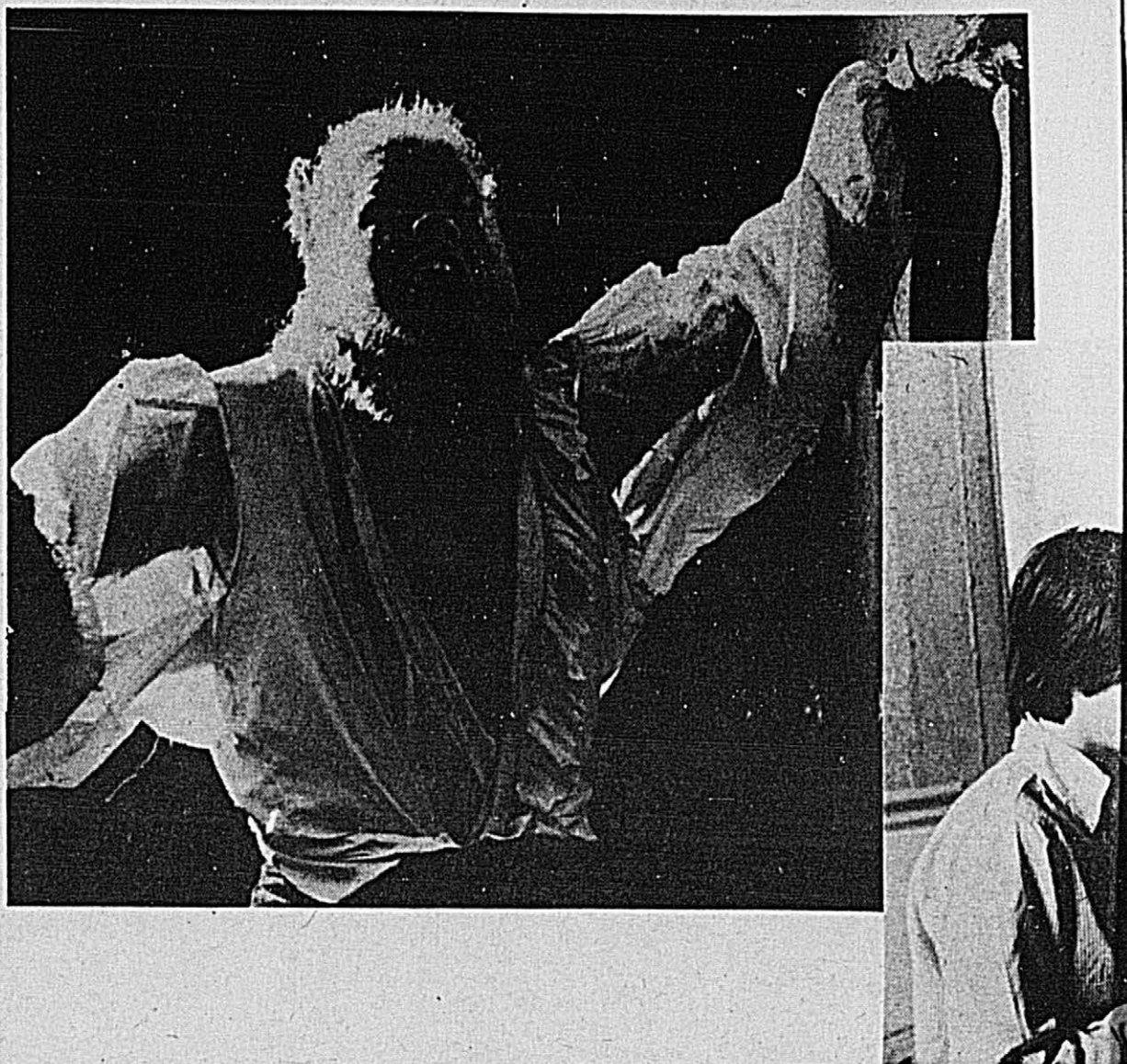
We stopped on the street corner to look at an artist's exhibit. A large picture of a scantily clad Polynesian girl was painted on black velvet. "I wonder if this is what Leonardo had in mind when he painted the Mona Lisa?" murmured one male Medici to the other.

"I've got a dress made of that material", quipped Catherine as she huffed off. We caught up to her and walked on. It was slow going though what with people stepping on Catherine's train and stopping to stare at Lorenzo's red tights.

In the basement of Kresge's we looked at lion heads, tiger heads and seagulls. There were pictures of eggs in a basket, flowers in a vase and ships at sea. The rest of the pictures were the exact same "original oil paintings" that hung in Woolworth's.

The Medicis noted that it must take the artist a long time to make exact copies of each painting. Catherine couldn't understand why anyone would paint even one huge headed child, much less make reproductions. I explained that the pictures weren't painted but printed by a machine and that there were thousands of copies in every Woolworth's and Kresge's in the country.

Cosimo (the Elder and no dummy) thought a minute. "I don't think I like this thing called mass culture art", he said. "The colors are gaudy, the subjects are trite and the frames are plastic." The others nodded in agreement. "I much prefer the art of our own Renaissance. It seems that art hasn't made any progress in five hundred years."



Seven Types

by Stephen Lazer

The term "trash" is applied to cinema in so many different ways that both its meaning and even its evaluative connotations are hopelessly ambiguous and muddled. For example, I asked a friend what he thought of Allen and he answered, "What a piece of trash." Yet when I asked my companion if she had enjoyed *The French Connection* she said, "What great trash. I loved it."

It seems that 'trash' can be laudatory when applied to certain films. Bernardo Bertolucci's *Luna* is absolutely awful, but it is trash of quite a different order than, say, *Karloff's The Mummy*.

Since 'trash' no longer has the simple pejorative meaning it once did, a re-evaluation of the term seems in order. There are, in this age of advanced cinematic technique and profit, at least seven varieties of trash (that is, seven types of film to which the word trash has been applied). They are as follows:

EXCELLENT, BELIEVABLE TRASH

1. (also known as great junk or, more properly, well made movies). These are films to which the descriptor 'trash' seems to me not to apply. Yet as I am not here to judge but merely to describe I include them. These are well made pictures about believable situations. They earn the classification of trash because they have no discernable 'message' or 'social meaning'. (Who says a movie must have a message? Not I, surely.) They are often fine and compelling movies while remaining, by these criteria, trashy. Some examples are *The French Connection*, *Psycho*, *The Day of The Jackal*, and *The Sting*. I suppose there is some validity in distinguishing these from other good films. Given my state of mind at this moment I would rather see *Run Silent*, *Run Deep* than Marcel Ophüls' *The Memory of Justice*. But if you ask which is the great and enduring work, Ophüls wins out easily.

II. UNBELIEVABLE, WELL MADE TRASH. These are films which are well done, but force us to use our imaginations to accept their premises. Because of this they don't tend to be as compelling as the first and highest form of trash. They are often very funny (without, of course, being great comedy, which no one can call junk). They also tend to have bigger-than-life heroes through whom we can suspend our disbelief. Films in this category include most of the Bond series, *Jaws*, and *Dracula* (with Lugosi, NOT Langella).

III. CORN-BALL TRASH. These are films with purely nostalgic appeal. They can be awful but we tend to love them anyway. The classic example is *Gunga Din* (which is really a fairly bad picture). Others are Beatles movies, *Easy Rider*, and *Rocky*.

IV. HALF-HEARTED TRASH. The pictures here are ones in which the director would seem to like to make a social statement without stepping on the toes of anyone in the

MUSIC

Mainstream Music

by Dermot Kelly

Rock 'n' roll has always been the trashiest and most rewarding form of popular culture. To understand that kind of contradiction, you must appreciate a host of others: that Elvis Presley was a wild man who caused riots on Saturday night and went to church on Sunday morning, that the Beatles meant more to millions of boys and girls at one time than did Jesus Christ and that the Sex Pistols, like Elvis and the Beatles, wanted to use the media to make as much money as they could as fast as they could, but chose to split up as soon as they looked to be gaining acceptance. The list could go on forever.

The devastating thing about all this is that these contradictions are embodied in the songs these people sing. All these obsessions of our time are incorporated in noisy pieces of plastic that spin for a couple of minutes on the radio, in your car or in your room and are forgotten until someone else spins them again. For a quarter of a century now, rock has been a dizzily snowballing dream from which many have struggled to awake only to have others drop off happily to sleep.

In 1954, the fever swept the nation. From coast to coast, kids were jerking off with Bill Haley. Pockets of musicians, however, were being alerted to an even more potent brand of this race music which was being patented at the studios of Sun Records in Memphis by an impresario named Sam Phillips.

Slowly, while Bill Haley toured the world, this hard stuff was circulating among young musicians in America and really making them glow with the feeling of things to come. A juvenile delinquent in St. Louis had almost grown up but not quite: he was putting in time as a hairdresser when he caught the fever. A bespectacled kid in Lubbock, Texas caught it at the same time. So did a young man washing dishes in Cincinnati: he beat the frustrations of his job by making up nonsense songs and he figured he might get some flashy clothes and holler that gibberish at the world. Chuck Berry. Buddy

Holly. Little Richard.

When it all seemed to have died down a few years later, there were guys like Eddie Cochran who remembered just how fine Elvis was and who were just beginning to dream.

In my lifetime, the fever has been pretty hard to catch. In the summer of 1976, hundreds of thousands of kids were paying ten bucks each to go to rock concerts at race tracks and olympic stadiums. Meanwhile in England, young people were paying a few shillings to see a deafening little pop group who sang songs about how disgusting life was. Lots of others followed suit and when the madness subsided Neil Young and Peter Townshend wrote songs about it.

To discover just how trashy and how engaging this music is, listen to it and hear the sounds of the street: the pleasure machines and the technology of war. Listen to the ridiculous aeroplane whoosh of Ringo's cymbals. On Phil Spector records there are outrageous cascading string crescendos and drums that punctuate it all like thunderclaps. Listen to the assembly line beat of Berry Gordy's Motown with its jackhammer sax. Listen to "Peggy Sue" or "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and you can feel the close heat of a summer night in the South as the insistent backbeat tells you how a beautiful woman walks. Chuck Berry's rhymes are as good as Dylan's, but his wild western guitar does the talking. Listen to Bill Black and Scotty Moore backing Elvis: two trigger-happy sidekicks bucking along with the hiccupping and whooping king. The Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" sounds like a prison riot complete with siren guitars and a five-alarm percussion section of balls and chains. And last of all, don't go see *Apocalypse Now* or watch *The Holocaust* for this year's trashy art; just listen to that little British wrecking ball of a dance band, the Sex Pistols, with their loaded drums, whistling, lacerating guitars rickochet off the singer's gleeful wrath and then tell me what's trash and what's here to stay.



s of Trash

audience. They go part-way towards several things and end up accomplishing nothing. The films are not bad so much as totally unmemorable. *Rich Kids* and *The Seduction of Joe* fit in nicely here.

V. POORLY MADE TRASH. This category might also be called "the majority of movies ever made." These are pictures that attempt very little and accomplish it badly. The acting tends to be abysmal, the editing shoddy, the cinematography primordial, and the screenplay unbelievable. (An example: one low budget horror picture I once saw (I can't remember the title) the girl, mentioning that something is wrong with her dad, is answered by the hero: "But dear, when a man is wrongly accused of murder, hung by the neck until dead, buried, and then brought miraculously back to life - and if that man is as sensitive as your father - it's bound to have some effect on him.") The movies are plain old awful, with little or no potential (films with

good premises or potential that fail do not tend to get called trash, though I've no idea why). Garbage in this dump includes most "B" films, many horror pictures, westerns, all Esther Williams movies, and modern disco pictures among others. This year's crop includes *Players*, *The Amityville Horror*, and *Rocky II*.

VI. PRETENTIOUS TRASH This is perhaps the most despicable garbage of all. These movies purport to be doing something truly noble when they definitely are not. They tend to inundate us with ill-conceived symbolism, largely because the directors assume that their audiences are stupid, and yet feel the need to be 'artistic.' When I finally convinced myself that Bertolucci was serious, I became downright insulted by *Luna*. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* had such a self-righteous air about it that it seemed like a sort of metaphysics for toddlers. The majestic cinematography and pacing of *Alien* pretended to

more than the rather standard horror film it wasn't. Wertmuller's *Night Full of Rain* had the effect of belittling the serious issues it tried to discuss. The latest *A Star Is Born* also fits here. Many films are pretentious to certain degrees, but few reach immense heights of unfounded haughtiness. I guess it isn't easy.

VII. BEYOND TRASH. Once in a rare while a movie is so bad that it is good. This happens in awfully made movies, that do not try to be funny and at the same time do not have a noticeable degree of self-righteousness. *Death Race 2000*, *The Night of the Lepus*, and *Godzilla* are examples. These "successes" are rare and a dubious distinction, at best.

If there are any uses of the term trash I have not covered I am fully ready to stand corrected. I'm sure there are many new and innovative ways for movies to be bad. Thank God for the good ones.

Junk Food in Jeopardy

by Sue Vlaski

These are hard times for junk food addicts. Never before in the history of trashy edibles has it been so difficult to get a junk food fix. Junk food today is frowned upon for health, cosmetic, social, economic and political reasons.

This decade, the "Me Decade" as it has come to be known, has witnessed a tremendous growth in the amount of health food freaks. No longer confined to the west coast these people have brought jogging and alfalfa sprouts east. And with alfalfa sprouts comes a hatred of white sugar. No-one who's into sprouts and Vichy water touches white sugar. Maybe honey from time to time, maybe even brown sugar, but never white sugar.

Needless to say this has resulted in a junk food freeze as the newly healthy masses frown on Joe Louis, Mae West, Stuart sugar pies and the ultimate in vending machine treats - Vachon's gooey Caramel.

It's impossible to eat a junk food cake in decent company today. The health food religion doesn't permit it and its

devotees are everywhere to spread the gospel.

Now, not only is junk food eating bad for one's health; it's also bad for one's appearance and weight. In these thin-is-in days everyone is being instructed to avoid junk food at all costs and snack on healthy and less tasty items such as apples and celery. Junk food's bad for the skin, bad for the figure and bad for the health in general. In fact the only people it's good for, beyond its manufacturers, are the people who write diet books.

Eating junk food shows you have little regard for the social mores of the times. It's a declaration of independence, of originality. Consuming steamies and greasy fries is like saying "Look at me. I'm not taken in by the narcissistic seventies. I care about more important issues than myself so I can eat junk food."

As well as leading to social ostracization, however, such behaviour can also land one in financial trouble. Everything from local hamburger-stand prices to the cost of cookies - is going up. It takes a lot of money to sample all the new, wonderful junk food items on

the market. Tasting every new Mexican flavored potato chip and trying every single Baskins-Robbins flavor is beyond the means of the average person.

And then there are the political implications of junk food eating. Most of the old standbys are owned by mega-corporations with investments in Chile, South Africa and every other repressive regime. Here in Québec, of course, there's the Cadbury boycott which has put both Wunderbar and Snackbar off limits to sugar craving politicians.

For Hershey bar lovers there's another tragedy. Word has it that the huge Hershey plant near Harrisburg was contaminated by Three Mile Island.

These then are the disadvantages of junk food - all the reason not to eat it. But despite everything it gets eaten. The number of millions served at McDonalds keeps growing and growing, as does the Pepsi generation. And it's all for one simple reason. Junk food tastes good. Anyone who says it doesn't is lying.



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People's Poetry

by Peter Orr

*Let not ambition mock their
useful toil*

*Their homely joys or destiny
obscure*

*Nor grandeur hear with a
disdainful smile*

*The sure and simple annals of
the poor*

The above rhyme might well be an epitaph for Brian Davis' two volume collection *The Poetry of the Canadian People* (Toronto, 1976, 1978).

Popular culture, writes Davis introducing his collection of poems written by working class Canadians between 1720 and 1950, is essentially democratic "in its choice and treatment of material, in modes and styles of expression".

Popular poetry is not poetry that is widely publicized, but poetry that addresses the problems of popular classes. Northrop Frye collections, Davis says, are filled with verse which is essentially alien to the experience of most Canadians. Popular poetry is amateurish, dynamics, tendentious and ignored.

"Some critics may complain that these poems are too full of machinery and class struggle," writes Davis, "but people trapped in dreary industrial slums don't feel the urge to

write elaborate sonnets about songbirds or flowers which they rarely if ever see".

The poems Davis has collected are "part of an important tradition of people developing their own talents and entertaining themselves". The Canadian identity crisis, says Davis, is most acute among the popular classes, and stems, in part, from the limited circulation given to popular literature.

"A nation or class which reads only other people's literature will never know who they are. As Canadians, a former colonial people, we have been encouraged, often led, even forced to see our history (and our society) through English, French or American eyes and to judge it accordingly.

Likewise as working people, we have been forced to see our history and our culture, and hence ourselves, through the unsympathetic eyes of the ruling class...Where are the magazines which encourage and print the poetry, short stories and songs, painting and sketches of working people?"

Poetry of the kind collected in *The Poetry of the Canadian People* is dying out, according to the volume's editor. The

commercialization of music and verse that has come with the popularization of record players and radio is rapidly destroying the social tradition of two and a half centuries which is traced in this collection. Mass culture, says Davis, is eliminating popular culture.

In Flander's Fields
In city parks the papers blow
Between the benches row on row
That mark our places; and in the street
The sparrows dodge the hurrying feet
That seem to mock us as we go.

No work! And yet, short days ago
We fought your battles with the foe
And won it, too, and now we loaf
In city parks.

You promised it would not be so
When we returned. By that word know
Here is the fate that you must meet
If you break faith with us, grim death
Will grip you too, though poppies grow
In Flander's Fields!

The Truth Behind Confessions

by Carleen Carroll
"Top Russian Scientists...Discover UFO Base on Saturn Moon."

This headline appeared in the most recent copy of the tabloid paper, *The National Enquirer*. Hundreds of grossly exaggerated headlines adorn the front pages of various other publications like *Midnight*, *Globe* and *The Star*. Tabloids that use similar themes are *True Romance*, *True Love* and according to one Montreal news-vendor, the best-seller, *True Confessions*. (Perhaps some readers feel those "confessions" are really true or else the subjects just hit too close to home.) Another branch of the trashy magazine is the movie mag where weekly reports of affairs, divorce and illicit sex are discussed about the who's who of Hollywood.

All of these fast selling magazines report a circulation of over one million readers. What could be so appealing in these magazines to attract such a large audience? There is one overriding thing these papers have in common: the entire contents of all these publications are dreamed up by an anonymous group of writers sitting in an office somewhere with little else to do but churn out story after story to the masses who soak them up. In a magazine like *True Confessions*, amateur housewife journalists have a golden opportunity to vent their unknown talents for twenty-five dollars a story.

Yellow journalism smacks of simplicity. Anything can be made up if a writer uses his imagination and comes up with a good storyline. The tales are uninvolved and appeal to a semi-literate audience. The articles use lots of dialogue but the eye-catcher is the spiced up story filled with sex and gore written with the implied idea that the readers want to know all the lurid details.

"If Only I Had Listened to My Boyfriend's Warning...Night of Terror."

For one dollar, true life stories can supposedly fulfill any reader's latent desire or sexual fantasies. A magazine such as *True Life Secrets* or *True Story* are loaded with tales of rape, closet homosexuality, affairs and "my secret desires". These magazines are usually filled with suggestive photographs (although the details are mostly left to the reader's imagination).

Years ago the subjects in these pictures had their eyes covered so as not to reveal their true identity. This technique was used in an attempt to

convince readers that the stories were true and actually happened to these people. Now the editors just don't bother. The covers are just as explicit: a pretty girl clad in a Jacqueline Bisset T-shirt, the seductive open-mouth look and surrounded by dozens of various suggestive titles inducing the consumer to buy, buy, buy.

The magazines attempt a soft-core pornographic approach but fall short. The stories are too predictable, too obvious and in the end, too boring. Sitting down with a Jacqueline Susann or Sidney Sheldon novel might be more profitable.

Similarly movie magazines profit by eye-catching headlines that turn into little more than mistaken identities or well exaggerated truths. One such case was in *TV & Movie People*, where a picture of Cheryl Ladd and Bob Urlich were shown with their arms around each other with the caption: "Bob and Cheryl - Their 'New Start' Shocks Pals."

The real story was that this picture was from the feature film which Cheryl Ladd and Bob Urlich are filming. Why would this shock their friends? Because 'New Start' deals with a very serious subject—child abuse. But as usual with these magazines, the sublime message was that the two stars were having an affair with each other.

Another interesting aspect of the trashy magazine industry is the feature writer. Jeanne Dixon is the popular psychic for *Midnight* and each year she makes her predictions about fatalities involving the President, the Kennedys or any other of the past year's most prevalent stars. About one one hundredth of a per cent of these predictions come true but some people seriously believe her.

Rona Barrett is perhaps the most famous of Hollywood gossips. She writes regularly for *Movie Screen* and other similar publications detailing the ins and outs of the Hollywood scene. This information only brings readers up to date on the latest adventures of their favourite star.

Features for these magazines go through certain phases. Until just recently Jacqueline Onassis was a goldmine for material for movie mags. Now these publications focus on the stars of the sitcoms and the beauty queens: Mork, Farrah, Cheryl, Erik Estrada, etc...

Tabloids like *Midnight* and *The National Enquirer* also like to focus on subjects with a

social appeal: UFOs, health, diets and so on. No one, however, has ever claimed that their space stories are true nor that their diet plans are recommended by four out of five MDs.

Yellow journalism is a very large and prospering industry. Why do readers fall for such

obvious trash? The magazines are certainly not priced with the poor consumer in mind. A mere thirty pages of true love romances costs a dollar fifty. The movie magazines are just as expensive. Purchases of the magazines are a blatant waste of money but gullible readers buy them daily.

When stories are featured that claim John F. Kennedy is still alive the ethics of the organization are questionable. But such is the freedom of the press. All that can be said to any one seriously interested in this type of "literature" is to coin an old cliché: If you've read one you've read them all.

**As jocks they were jokes...
the twelve nuttiest, goofiest, spoofiest,
singin'est, dancin'est characters to ever
call themselves a team!**



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Glass with Class

by Michele Press

Glass in my hands tends to break, but glass in the hands of Verre Art Glass's owner Elena Lee becomes art.

Verre Art Glass, recently opened on Sherbrooke St., is a gallery of an unusual sort. In an attempt to keep the gallery "popular", Lee has made the art accessible to the layperson.

"Galleries with very expensive art pieces frighten the public away...people should feel that they can afford to purchase something," says Lee.

Upon entering, one is greeted by bright hanging fixtures and multi-colored displays. The careful browser is invited to touch the various glass vases, bowls, jugs and sculptures. The pieces have intricate swirls and splashes of

purple, red, turquoise and iridescent colors and shelved according to artist or gallery.

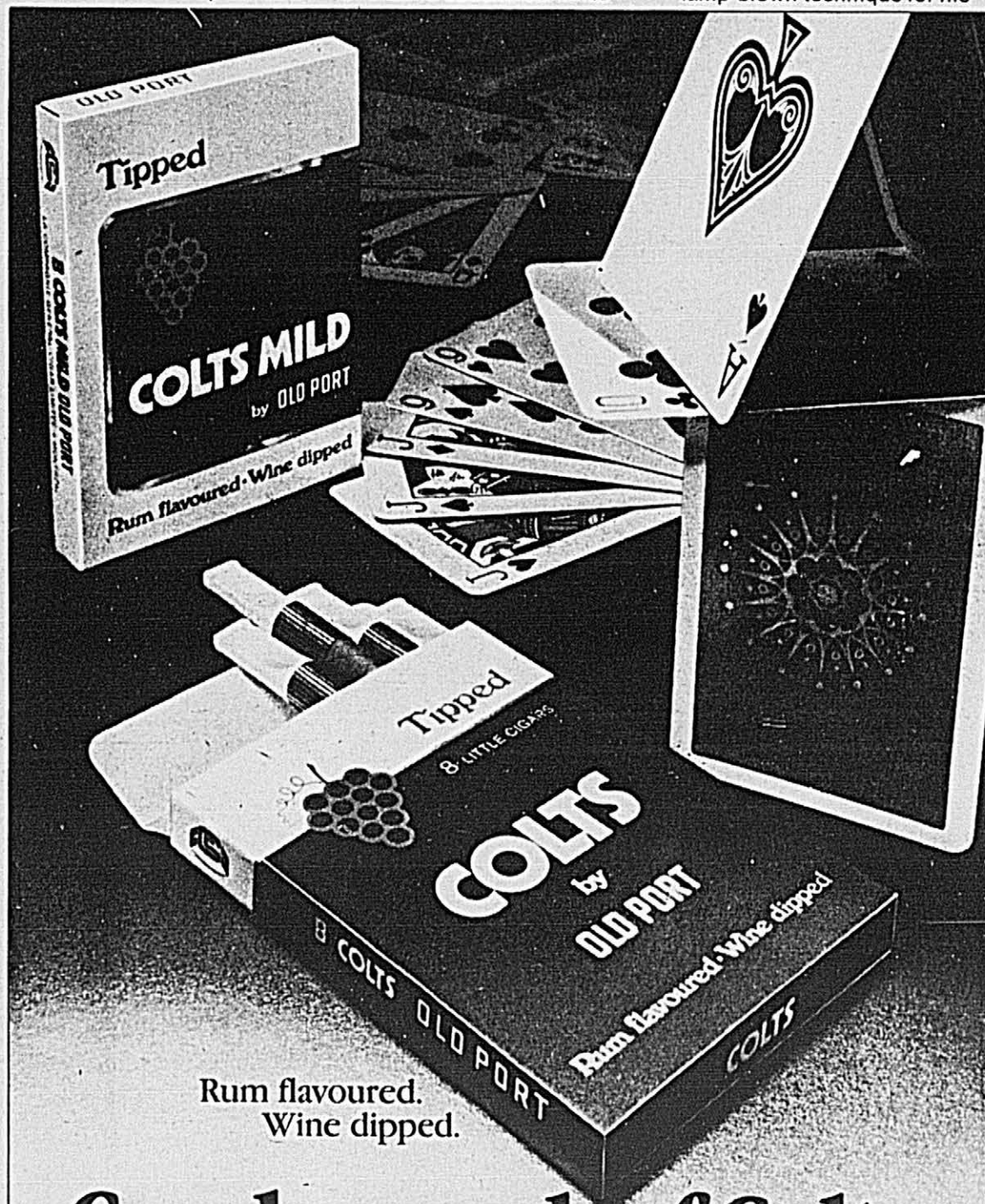
Most of the pieces exhibited are examples of either the lamp-blown technique—glass tubes or canes are shaped quickly in a very hot flame, or the hot glass technique—glass is heated to about 2500F. The blower picks up this melted mixture with his blowpipe and shapes and turns it constantly while it is still hot. After blowing, each glass piece has to anneal carefully (this can take as long as a week, depending upon the mass of the piece).

Glass is a "super-cooled liquid", a substance that has passed from a liquid into a rigid state with no structural change. It occurs naturally as obsidian, a volcanic substance. In its

man-made state, glass is melted sand (silica) to which soda, lime and oxides are added to reduce its melting point. The different quantities of these materials give glass its varying consistencies.

The artist colors glass by addition of mineral oxides: iron oxide for green, cobalt for blue, tin for opaque, etc. The color depends on the quantity of coloring agent and the temperature of the glass. A glassblower working with different colors must keep several ovens of hot glass going at once. Using different colors becomes tricky; the cooling down process varies for some colors, and the blower must avoid the omnipresent danger of cracking.

Elia Kadouri uses the lamp-blown technique for his



Rum flavoured.
Wine dipped.

Crack a pack of Colts along with the cards.



Gigi Rosenberg

miniature glass pieces of earthy green and red tones. Manitoban artist Jone Thorkelson from Cumulus Glassworks uses the hot-glass technique for her vibrant, thick glass bowls and sculptures. She captures dashes of violet and red between glass layers.

Verre Art Glass sells mold-blown glass. This production line glass is, Lee emphasizes, produced carefully, but unlike Art glass its designs are more repetitive.

Artist-in-residence Denise Leone creates the stained glass panels that are on display in Verre Art Glass. Leone works with antique glass; this, a type of glass sheet, begins as a blown glass cylinder, the ends of which are cracked off. A fracture is made along the length of the cylinder which is then placed in a kiln. As the glass relaxes, it is pressed or flattened out. The variations and irregularities in the glass formed by this process are desirable and are assets to the glass.

"Antique glass creates another dimension; it calls attention to itself," says Leone. Having worked with stained glass since being an art student, Leone finds that the medium suits her artistic

self-expression. The dimension, of transmitted light affects the quality of stained glass. As light diffuses through, the hues of the glass become dark or light. "It is more than just a canvas; light makes Art glass come alive."

For her work, Leone draws a miniature design that when perfected is enlarged to its actual size. This "cartoon" serves as the template for the glass pieces that have been cut from selected colored sheets. Soldered lead or copper wires hold the pieces in place.

The color and design of Leone's stained glass are at once spontaneous and precise. Her etchings and glass-mirrors hang in the gallery alongside multi-colored glass lamps, panels and boxes made by other local artists.

Verre Art Glass was set up, says Elena Lee, "so that people can come and appreciate glass as an art form. Glass is not just a revival of an old craft...People have tended to think that glass has to be functional...but the trend is now towards non-functional sculptural pieces." The tenet that art is accessible is what makes Elena Lee's Verre Art Glass an appealing and innovative gallery.

Prince Arthur Streetwalking

by Bart Boehlert

It's easy to get there. Start at the Ernest Rutherford Physics Building. Walk down the hill, cross University Street and proceed down Prince Arthur Street until you cross St. Laurent. This section of Prince Arthur between St. Laurent and Carré St. Louis is the destination. The area is packed with small shops and restaurants.

The key word here is "funky". In the sixties, this part of Prince Arthur was a beatnik hangout. Later it became a haven for wandering hippies, attracting, among others, singer-songwriter Leonard Cohen. Around 1970, tastes changed and the head shops were replaced by the boutiques which color the street today.

The Bolivian owners of Titikak travel to South America to buy the pure Alpaca wool sweaters (between \$20 and \$40) and Mexico to buy the embroidered cotton shirts. The store also sells straw baskets and Chinese clothes. Titikak's high ceilings and neon lights create a bargain basement atmosphere where many deals can undoubtedly be found.

Much is located on the corner of de Bullion and Prince Arthur Streets. The walls are painted pink and Art Nouveau bric-a-brac dots the place. The salesman, who wears pants



photo by Francine Morel

that match the walls, says that the clothes are not simply "used", they're antiques. Most of them look to be shiny, furry or sparkly. Some date as far back as the Thirties.

Three floors of furs are found in the Grizzly Fourtlers next door. Boutique A, adjacent to it, is the size of a large closet. On one side of the closet is a rack of clothes, on the other side, a jewelry case. The jewelry comes from a variety of places, including Italy, China and India. Beaded jewelry is made by Indians around Plattsburgh and the brass pieces by a Peruvian woman in Montreal.

Bizbee sells its own brightly colored cotton clothes.

On the other side of the street, leather belts, bags and sandals hang on rustic wood and brick walls in The Leathersmith. Eighty per cent of the leather goods are made by Bill Urwin, the shop owner.

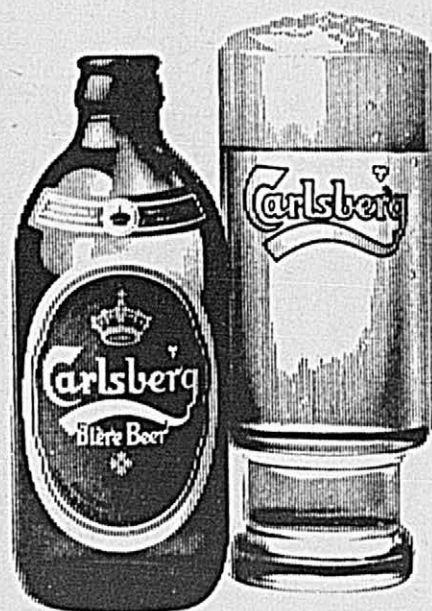
Tête Heureuse seems to have cornered the "sophisticated funk" market with its eclectic array of stationery, jewelry and objets d'art.

The merchants on the street are grateful for their location. Business is good and the area consistently attracts artists and

young professionals. The city government has also recognized the popularity of the area. In an attempt to draw people back into the center city and increase the city tax base, officials constructed a "mall" (as was done on Crescent Street). City planners put up barricades at each end of the section and plunked down a tree or two. Dissatisfied with the arrangement the street merchants presented a more extensive plan developed by a local landscape architect. The use of large flower-boxes and more trees was accepted and employed.

The mall was a summer experiment and is gone today. However, it will probably return next year in a permanent form.

Mall or no mall, funk sells. Whether you're there to buy or browse, the area is a nice place to wander around. The warm atmosphere is a welcome change from the steel and glass sterility of the downtown shopping areas and underground city.



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Willie Thrasher Gets Inuit

by David Lake

Willie Thrasher sings of a callous northern climate whose inhabitants have survived for centuries on subsistence hunting and working by the strength of their own hands. In the song "Forefathers" Thrasher calls it, "...the land of our grandfathers, it's a land that can't be sold, it's the land of the caribou..."

Thrasher translates two hundred-year-old Inuit ballads into his own form of rock 'n' roll. These ballads have been handed down from generation to generation and are an integral part of the Inuit culture. Thrasher, who accompanies himself with only an acoustic guitar.

The music business, generally regarded as a difficult one to break into, has been especially hard on Inuit musicians.

Thrasher says "There has never been an Inuit singer-songwriter who has been successful in this country's music industry."

Thrasher does not have the commercial beliefs of many modern-day musicians. "Money means nothing to me. I play music for the enjoyment of playing music. Money is a

piece of paper that too many fight and die for; I don't take it seriously," he said.

Thrasher, 24, has accomplished much in his field. He has had two singles produced by the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation). He has performed on the CBC and CTV television networks, receives air play on the CBC radio, and has a song entitled "Silent Inuit" which is currently number one on the charts of his hometown, Inuvik. Of his accomplishments, Thrasher is most satisfied that Inuvik, and his people, are listening to his music.

The Northwest Territories occupies one-third of Canada's total area. Two of the world's largest lakes, Great Slave Lake and Great Bear Lake, ice-free only two months of the year, are located in this region. It is an area whose economy was based on the trapping of seals, reindeer, fish, caribou, and pelts. According to Columbia Encyclopedia, it is a land where, "the use of firearms has seriously reduced the native food supply and the substitution of a white man's economy has not yet proved beneficial."



According to Thrasher, "Inuit and Indians are caught up in a lifestyle they don't understand and can't adjust to." With sober connotations Thrasher elaborates, "Something will happen in the future that will hurt us. We don't know what it is, but our intuition tells us it's coming."

The Inuit population (estimated at 55,000) is losing its culture in an era where many groups are fighting for an identity. Thrasher spoke on one of the forces behind his music. "My songs are meant to bring back some of the Inuit's culture. A culture drowning in a modern world."

If there is one song Thrasher plays with a deeper emotion than the others, it is "Old Man Carver". Old man Carver was Thrasher's grandfather. In his time, old man Carver was one of his land's great hunters; his prey being seals, polar bears,

and whales. When the government decreed it obligatory for hunters to apply for a license, old man Carver stopped hunting. His people had been hunting for centuries and now the government was forcing them to apply for licenses. This he could not understand.

Old man Carver soon became a welfare recipient, obtaining \$90 a month from the government. His last days were spent as an invalid carving soapstone while he contemplated the changes which were taking place in his culture. At 90 years of age, Thrasher's grandfather burnt to death after a guest accidentally left a lit cigarette butt on his bed after paying the old man a visit. The old hunter was too weak to extinguish the flames. Thrasher sings, "Old man Carver, old man Carver, what has come over you?"

Thrasher, who attributes most of his recent inspiration to an Indian girl (described in the song "The Girl From Clova"), is ready to produce an album. The album will be named, "Skidrow Eskimo". The album's title reflects the Inuits' number one enemy, alcohol.

Thrasher tells of one friend, the most intelligent in his high school class, whom he saw on a recent visit back home. His friend was picking cigarette butts off the gutter. Thrasher asked him what had happened. "Willie", his friend answered, "Booze took me. I got no employment, no support. Booze has its hold on me."

In the desolate northern land of the Inuits, many people choose alcohol as a means of solving their problems. Inuit and Indian alcohol consumption is extremely high due to resulting pressures the government's way of handling their culture. Thrasher credits music with saving him from the desolation suffered by many of his friends.

At seventeen years of age, Thrasher took off for Edmonton from Inuvik, and later travelled on to Ottawa. For the last six years Thrasher has been playing and recording music.

Thrasher is the Bob Dylan of his people. His songs and his guitar are pleasant and at the same time forceful. He has taken it upon himself to explain to the people of the south how their culture is accepting the Inuits. Thrasher has a love for music and a love for his heritage. With closed eyes and loud strumming his words and music strike their way into the audience's heart. However, when asked whether or not the Inuit culture will survive, Thrasher answered sadly, "I don't think so."

USSR...

continued from page 1

alienated in the near future as a result of the Soviet policy of "placing Russians in important positions of authority in the various republics and forcing Russian language and culture upon the nationalities."

Kolasky says he believes the Soviet system "is breaking down" and that opposition to the regime is underestimated by the West.

"Opposition to the government is general, including opposition to censorship, lack of human rights, economic insufficiency and Russification."

As well, Kolasky believes the Soviet Union is "dangerously overextending itself all over the world. The government no longer has the confidence of the people while there is a cancer eating away at the system."

In reply to a question from a student, Kolasky rejected the notion that the Soviet people are unwilling to revolt because their standard of living has improved dramatically since the Bolshevik Revolution. He said the Soviet people are unhappy over constant shortages which contrast with the natural wealth of the Soviet Union.

Kolasky says he plans to continue writing and lecturing to warn people about the Soviet Union. He has published several books, including his latest "The Shattered Illusion" in which he documents the history of the several pro-Communist Ukrainian groups in Canada, many of which he maintains, served as fronts for the Communist Party of Canada.

Daily staff meeting

There will be a brief but informative meeting for all Daily staffers, today in Union B03 at 5:00 p.m.



Watch out for



"THE
OBSERVER"

Nov. 19

Crown Investment Society:

Meeting at 6 p.m. in SBB room 501.

English Literature Association:

Meeting at 1:30 p.m. for those interested in putting together a new, improved course evaluation form. Arts B-20.

Gay McGill:

Gay author and psychologist Alain Bouchard will speak this evening. Everyone welcome. Union room 425 at 7:30.

Women Associates of McGill:

Redpath Hall Basement, Book Room. 9:30-11:00, Book Collectibles. A talk given by members who are veterans of the Book Fair. All potential members are welcome. Some long-time McGill people may find that this will be more convenient than the usual program.

Players' Theatre:

Come and see the fun-filled, action-packed production of Shakespeare's immortal (or immoral?) classic "The Taming of the Shrew." 8:00 Players' Theatre, 3rd floor Union building, \$2.50 students and senior citizens, \$3.50 general.

Grievances of McGill Support Staff:

Will be explained by representatives of the union in McConnell Hall's common room at 6:30 p.m.

New Age Teachings—the Human Aura:

Learn how to fill your aura with white light. Burnside Hall, room 24 at 7:00 p.m. Free.

Political Science Students Association:

The PSSA will be holding a party at 510 Pine. All students taking one Political Science are welcome.

McGill Film Society:

"The Ipcress file" (1965 GB) directed by Sydney Furie with Michael Caine, Nigel Green. 7:00 in the FDAA. Admission \$1.00.

Department of Anthropology at McGill:

Presents Greg Teal (PhD candidate in Anthropology) speaking on "Historical Analysis and Modes of Production Theory." 4 pm, Leacock 738. All welcome.

Centre for Developing-Area Studies:

Speaker: Dr. Horace Campbell, University of Sussex. Topic: Recent Developments in Ethiopia and Uganda. Centre for Developing-Area Studies, Seminar Room C103E, Macdonald-Harrington Building, 815 Sherbrooke Street West, 12:30 p.m.

Faculty of Music free concerts:

Pollack Concert Hall, 8:30 p.m. Large Brass Choir and Horn Choir, direction Thomas Kenny. Works by Tyra, Bach, Foster, Gabrieli, de Fall, and others.

Hillel:

1:30 p.m. at McGill Hillel, 3460 Stanley: Israel Friedman will give a talk on what it was like to be in the Soviet Union covering the Scharansky trial. Everyone welcome.

Committee in Defence of Soviet and East European Political Prisoners:

Meeting today at 7:30 p.m. at 3434 McTavish room 100.

Pal Upallion:

Don't miss our "Hangover" Pub Nite, tonight at 9:00 p.m. Good music, good people at 510 Pine Ave.

Cultural Week 1980:

The McGill Chinese Students' Society's planning committee for Cultural Week 1980 will hold its first meeting tonight 7:30 p.m. in Union room B15.

FRIDAY

Microbiology Students and Professors:

Get together at our Wine and Cheese Party this afternoon at 3:00 p.m. at 527 Pine Ave.

Pollack Concert Hall 8:30 pm:

McGill Symphony Orchestra, Uri Mayer, conductor. Soloist: Olga Gross, piano. Works by Rossini, Grieg, Mendelssohn. Recital Room C-209 7:30 pm: Piano Ensemble Class, students of Luba Zuk. Works by Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Debussy.

Centre for Developing-Area Studies

International Labour Seminar Series:

José Nun, Political Economist, University of Toronto, "Common Sense and Class Consciousness: Comments on Argentine Workers." CDAS — Macdonald-Harrington Building, Seminar room C103E.

Imaginus Print Sale:

LAST DAY to purchase prints from our fine selection of 700 different Fine Art reproductions, exhibition posters, and original prints on sale in Union Bldg., Rm. 107, 9-5. Huge selection. Most prices \$2-\$5. Great for Christmas gifts.

Debating Union:

Practice and training session today at 2:00 in Union room B-16. All welcome.

Islamic Society:

Salat-ul-Jumah (Friday Prayer) in Union room 302 at 1:15 p.m.

Sigma Chi:

Last Happy Hour for old pledges. First Happy Hour for new at 3581 University from 5:00 to 8:00.

Psych. ed.:

Dr. Stanislav Grof, MD will speak on his research into the use of psychedelic drugs, such as LSD, to explore the human subconscious. Friday, November 16, at 8 p.m. in Leacock 219. Admission is free. Sponsored by the McGill Debating Union.

Course Evaluations:

There will be a meeting for all departmental reps for Course Evaluations at 3:00 p.m. in the Union. Please meet in room B-22.

Hillel:

Friday November 16 at 12:30 p.m. starting at the Student Union 3480 McTavish and McGill University main gates: Soviet Jewry Rally. Come out to show your support because every person makes a difference. Info: Marilyn Mordecai at Hillel 845-9171.

Players' Theatre:

Come see the fun-filled, action packed

production of Shakespeare's immortal (or immoral?) classic "The Taming of the Shrew". 8:00 Players' Theatre, 3rd floor Union building, admission **\$3.50.



THIS IS IT ...ONE WEEK LEFT!

If you are graduating this year you owe it to yourself and your mother to get your shining face into the Old McGill Grad Section.

Sure, you can get your grad photo taken any time... this year, next year, last year, whenever.

But you've got to get that million dollar smile down to Ste. Catherine and Peel BEFORE FRIDAY NOVEMBER 23 so that all your friends will remember you every time that they peruse their personal copy of Old McGill '80.

Do yourself a favor—avoid the last minute rush—and get on over to Van Dyck and Meyers Studios, 1121 Ste. Catherine St. today—early if possible. Bring money and dress neat. For only \$9.95 plus tax you will get four proofs to choose from, a 5 x 7 colour enlargement of your favorite, and a place in the grad section of everyone's copy of Old McGill '80.

Do yourself another favor—save money—and buy your very own personal copy of Old McGill '80 while you're at the studio. Seven dollars will never buy more fond memories.

Say hey undergrads, profs, yes you deans too! You don't have to be leaving this year to advance order this fabulous volume of memories and save money too. Just take yourself and nine bucks over to Sadie's in the Student Union and stake a claim in Old McGill '80.

See you there.

Nov. 19-23

**Don't Miss
10K GOLD
and
Sterling Silver
Jewellery**

1/2 price

Room 107-108
Union Bldg.



Meal deal.

If you're a student or professor at McGill or Concordia, La Petite Halle has a delicious proposition for you.

Come in between 2:30 and 5:30 Tuesday through Friday afternoons and we'll give you **25%** off our regular menu prices. You must show your student or staff card when you order to obtain this reduction.

Become a student of good food. Eat at La Petite Halle. **And save 25%.**

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McGill is hosting the
second annual inter-university

SHOTOKAN KARATE TOURNAMENT

Participating universities will include
Bishop's, Laval, McGill
Plattsburg, Sherbrooke
and Université de Montréal

Sunday Nov. 18 10:30 a.m.

Currie Gym Free
EVERYONE WELCOME

**IMPORTANT
YEARBOOK
INFO
in this issue**

Education Undergraduate Society

proudly presents a

DISCO EXTRAVAGANZA!

Saturday, November 17, 1979

9:00 pm Student Union Bldg. Ballroom

3480 McTavish St.

INCLUDING DANCE CONTEST & PRIZES

1st Prize \$250 2nd Prize: \$100 3rd Prize: \$50
& more

(N.B. One member of dance team must be from McGill)

ONLY \$3.00/person

Tickets at Sadies, Ed. US. & the door

For information call 392-4448 Ed US. office

INCLUDING - SUPER SOUND AND LIGHT SHOW AND REPLICA OF
ORIGINAL SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER DANCE FLOOR BY KLODA PRODUCTIONS

BROUGHT TO YOU BY CHRIS MICHAELS (CHOM),
DOUG SHONDELL (CINQ), GEORGE MAGER, AND EDUCATION US.